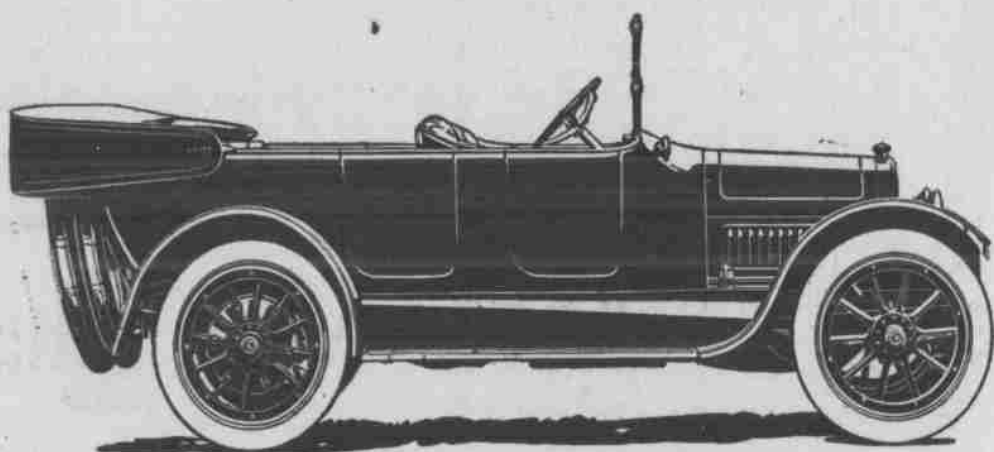


AGAIN! CADILLAC "EIGHT"

PROVES ITSELF SUPREME



The "Press" is strictly
Neutral--- Read what
IT Has to say.

TRIBUNE: LOS ANGELES, CAL., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916.
**L. A.-Bakersfield Record
Broken by "Ted" Beaudet**
By Ralph S. Cole

Absolute mastery of his car under all conditions, more than mere power of motor, yesterday enabled "Ted" Beaudet to set a new Los Angeles-Bakersfield record and one which in the opinion of men familiar with road racing and road driving will stand long unbroken. Driving a Cadillac Eight, Beaudet left Los Angeles at 5:30 a. m. and pulled up in Bakersfield just 2 hours and 49 minutes later, covering the 137 miles between the two cities in faster time than ever a motor car had traveled that road before.

Not satisfied with "getting" the one way record, Beaudet swung his car around and headed back for Los Angeles, bringing his dust-covered machine to a halt at 11:10 a. m. in front of the Lankershim hotel, from which he had started on the run 5 hours and 49 minutes before. In hanging up the new mark, Beaudet smashed the record of a much higher powered car than the Cadillac, demonstrating beyond any doubt that the sturdy "Eight" is the equal of any of them in speed and staying power.

Accompanied by John Clayton and Ralph S. Cole, automobile editor of the Morning Tribune, and O. M. Conner, his mechanic, "Ted" was sent away from the Lankershim hotel yesterday morning in a dense fog, which rendered the pavement extremely slippery and dangerous. Beaudet was checked out on the start of his run by Harvey E. Westgate and T. R. Jackson, night clerk of the Lankershim.

Leaves Fog Behind.
Thirty-five minutes later the Cadillac, with its motor humming like the power-plant of an aeroplane, leaving through the Newhall tunnel, leaving the fog which had overhung the San Fernando valley all the way from Los Angeles behind. Twisting and turning around the curves of its head-tail roads toward Bakersfield, and long flight toward the previous record so far ahead of the Cadillac was it on passing Bailey's Lake that it was evident to all that Beaudet was due to set a new mark.

Straightening out at the foot of the long grade, Beaudet sent the "Caddy" hurtling up the long straight "stretch" at a speed of better

seventy miles an hour, and at 8:19 a. m. drew up in front of the Southern hotel at Bakersfield, where his time card was signed by Charles Fair, a member of the Bakersfield police department. Pausing only long enough to take on a fresh supply of "gas" and oil, Beaudet started on the return drive, and again it was a case of all, how, drive. Through it all, however, on the steepest grades and the sharpest curves, neither car nor pilot showed any signs of weakening. Two hours and 49 minutes had been consumed in the run to Bakersfield and the return trip was just two minutes longer, owing to slight delays caused by more congested conditions of traffic when nearing Los Angeles.

Record a New One.
The record broken by Beaudet was "hung up" only a few days ago by Louis Nikrent who, at the wheel of a twelve-cylinder car, negotiated the run to Bakersfield in 3 hours and 14 minutes, and the round trip in a little over seven hours. Nikrent's performance caused widespread comment, and it was believed that his record would stand for some time, but those expressing this opinion failed to reckon with the husky Cadillac eight, and the wonderful skill of its pilot.

Beaudet, after completing his run, had little to say in the way of self-praise, but was unfeignedly satisfied with the performance of his car. "Yes, it's some record all right," said Ted, "and it will give them all something to shoot at for a few minutes anyway. After I had tried out the Cadillac eight on the road, I was satisfied that it was good for any sort of a task, and when I decided to start after the Los Angeles-Bakersfield mark, I was confident that it would deliver."

Whether or not my confidence was well placed is best answered by what the machine did today. There never was the slightest suspicion of trouble, except a most was the way that pleased me most when it was put to the test of the grades. After all that is all there was to it, a car that would stand the necessary punishment of such a drive, and a motor that would deliver the goods."

There is a wonderful difference between riding in any motor car and driving behind "Old Dobbin"—we want you to know that there is also a wonderful difference between riding in a CADILLAC EIGHT and other makes of cars.

BETWEEN two cars, even of excellent riding qualities, you may be able to observe certain slight or indifferent distinctions.

But you will recognize that the difference between the smoothest, steadiest car you have ever known, and the eight-cylinder Cadillac, is not merely slight or indefinite.

It is impressively brought home to you that you must reject your previous ideals and that you must adopt new standards of what constitutes real motoring luxury.

Before you have ridden a mile in the Cadillac, you find that the qualities which you have most desired in a motor car, have been developed to a point that is absolutely new to you.

You discover — immediately the car glides into motion,—that the quality of quietness has been given a new significance.

You find that neither the engine nor any other part of the marvelously efficient mechanism intrudes itself upon you.

You relax into forgetfulness of the means by which you are carried forward.

You find that you are traveling more continuously on direct drive than you had thought possible in any car.

Pick-up, from a snail's pace to express train speed, is accomplished with so little effort that it is scarcely apparent.

Hills which, before, had compelled a car to strain and labor, seem almost to subside into a level roadway—so easily, so quietly and with so little exertion does the Cadillac surmount them.

Fatigue and exhaustion, which may have characterized your

journeys in the past, are replaced by a sense of intense exhilaration and keen enjoyment.

The most enthusiastic Cadillac admirers are those whose motor car experience has been most extended.

There have been no exceptions to the astonishment and delight of those who have ridden in this unusual car.

The handling and control are so easy; the springs and the deep, soft upholstery are so yielding; the smoothness, the quietness, the activity and the flexibility

are so delightfully soothing; there is such a sense of velvet softness in every movement of the car, that you cannot resist its supreme charm.

And so, your experience with the Cadillac, resolves itself into something even broader than complete satisfaction.

It carries with it the gratifying sense of owning something different and something superior—a car which surpasses ordinary standards and deepens and intensifies the enjoyment of every phase of motoring.

IT IS NOT WHAT YOU PAY FOR A CAR THAT DETERMINES THE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT, ITS WHAT YOU GET FOR YOUR MONEY.

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